

# 99.99 % of Ammunition Wasted

The waste of war is not all on the side of loss of human life and the loss of property and stoppage of industry, the loss even can be figured in the loss of ammunition.

Military experts have agreed that in the Russian-Japanese War that for every 10,000 bullets fired only one life was lost. The estimate was made easily. All that was necessary was to count the dead and then count the bullets which had been fired. The result showed the effectiveness of the shooting.

If there is any difference in this war it is on the side of the men, the experts agree. Men fighting in the trenches are less likely to be hit than if they were fighting in the open. Men fighting at a great distance, as in this war, are safer than in hand-to-hand encounters. At the great distances in which this war is being fought there is small chance of hitting a man with a rifle. The big guns carry immense distances, but even then their aim is not of the best. Occasionally a shell bursts in a trench with terrific loss of life. On the other hand so many shells pass over without doing any damage that many of them are entirely wasted.

In firing with cannon it is necessary to get the range first. Several shots are wasted in getting the range. When the men behind the gun do get the range the men shot at move.

The loss of life per bullet shot was higher in the Boer War than in any other war, except our own Revolution. The Boers were expert marksmen. They fired with great care and deliberation. They had more sharpshooters than any other

soldier, but the colonial was not letting that worry him. Having loaded his weapon he, too, would fire, but he did not fire in a hurry, and his load of shot went home a large percentage of the time.

David Starr Jordan recently declared it costs \$40,000 to kill a single soldier. His figures were based on calculations of military engineers. Wagon loads of ammunition are lost in the battles.

The greatest loss of life is in the hand-to-hand fighting, but hand-to-hand fighting is only the exception.

## DANGER TOO SMALL FOR AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

An American correspondent, serving with the American volunteers in the foreign legion, writing from an unnamed place under date of November 6, says:

"When I wrote November 2 that the Americans were intact I did not mean that they had not been under fire, as one man belonging to their section which numbers sixty, was killed, and one was wounded by shrapnel. That does not sound like real fighting, but it is a fact that we had only two casualties."

"The fact is that it is a war of the trenches now, and there is very little risk of death unless one ventures out of his vault, which is the proper word for our quarters. They are bomb proof and are covered with trunks of trees and large branches, with earth piled on top to keep the water out. In fact, we are ground-hogs, venturing forth as necessity compels us, and only then."

There is danger, especially if the artillery fire, which is most accurate, is being directed in your direc-



# It Takes Wagon Loads of Ammu- nition and a Cost of \$40,000 to Kill a Single Soldier, According to Calculations of Military Experts

ship. We only know that the Bos-  
tons and Athletics fought it out."

## FRENCH OFFICER TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

The following extract from a letter dated October 12 from a young French officer in the fighting line near Rheims is taken from the London Chronicle:

Soon it will be a full month that we have been here in front of the German trenches, ourselves, too, earthed in deep trenches, neither of us having been able to advance an inch. \* \* \* We are face to face, the Germans and ourselves, about five or six hundred yards apart.

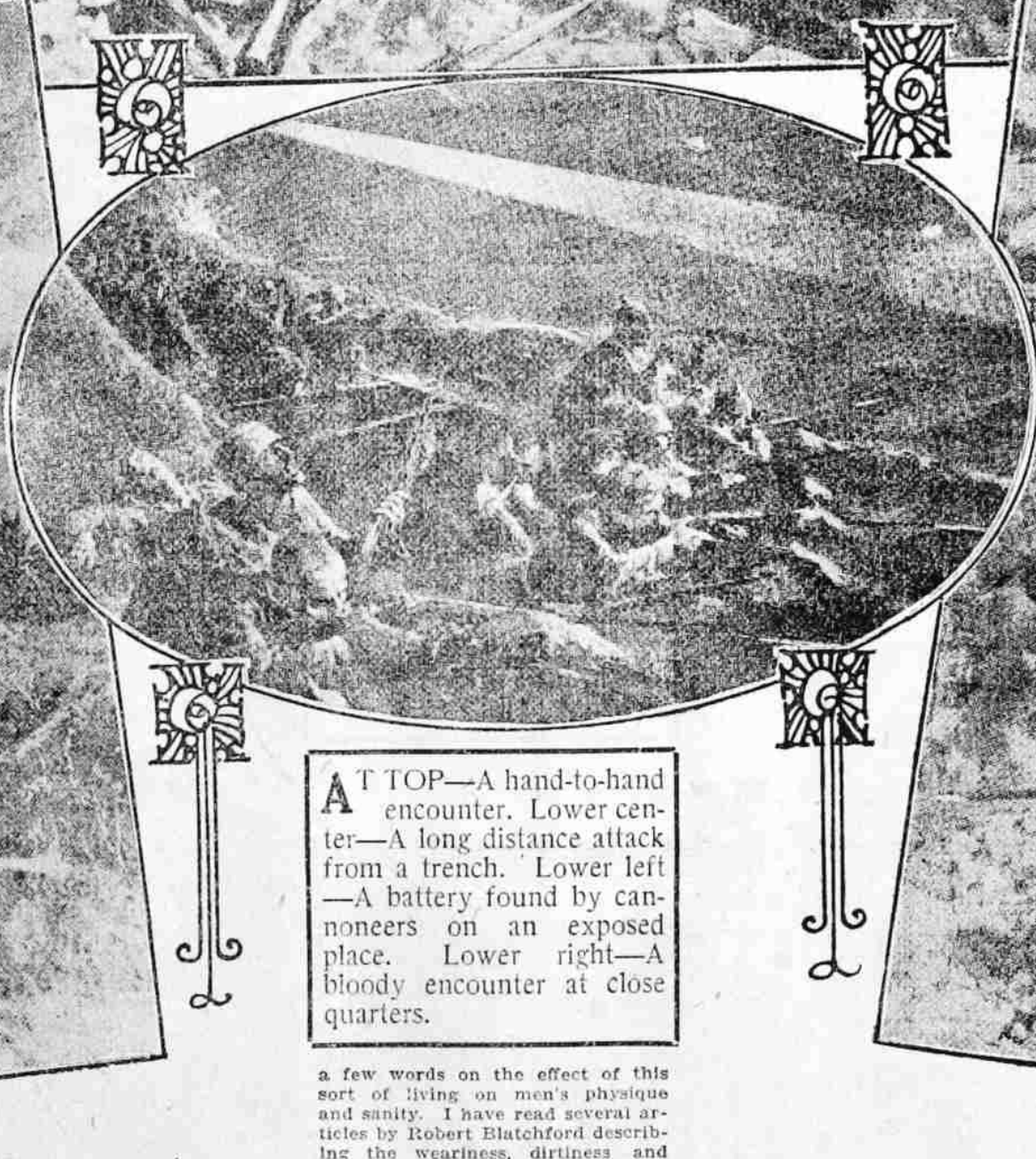
They and we, every night. We dig ourselves in further. We are, both of us, conducting a veritable siege warfare, waiting until on one side or the other an energetic offensive can be undertaken. I think

murmuring; it is they who are offering their evening prayer—their prayer after they have spent a whole day bombarding the cathedral.

After the prayer some of them sing laments, lullabies, refrains of the homeland. Yesterday I heard, in their rear, an accordion accompanying them.

Other noises, too, generally come from their positions. After night-fall their supply wagons come rattling in; six or eight kilometers away a railway line was across our front; we hear the locomotive. \* \* \* Some spots on our right or on our left one or two scouts come back wounded.

Toward midnight the calm becomes almost complete. Nothing reaches our senses but the sound of chopping in the forest—for they have become wood cutters at our



AT TOP—A hand-to-hand encounter. Lower center—A long distance attack from a trench. Lower left—A battery found by cannoners on an exposed place. Lower right—A bloody encounter at close quarters.

a few words on the effect of this sort of living on men's physique and sanity. I have read several articles by Robert Blatchford describing the weariness, dirtiness and wretchedness of men returning from the front. That may be true of men who have been fighting battles lasting days without cessation, but it is not so of the men in the trenches. We have been four days in the trenches and could remain four times longer and yet come out fresh and fit, provided we are not forced to fight continually day and night.

"The food is a revelation to one who has read of hunger among the Germans. Who ever read of soldiers getting bars of chocolate, wine, cognac and other delicacies? We do. We get sweet coffee, sometimes with milk, and at other times we get tea. We always have excellent meat, potatoes and rice. Food! Why, one cannot possibly be hungry; in fact, I have not eaten lunch

today because I am not hungry, so I am writing this instead."

"The pick and shovel are more prominent than the gun. I have not fired a gun yet; neither have some of the other boys, although the order was given to fire one night at will. We saw no enemies and thought it best to wait until they got closer if they really were coming. I have done a good deal of pick and shovel work, but when in the trenches and on the firing line, and especially when we returned after being relieved. Our company was sent to dig trenches the second day we arrived and may do so again unless we relieve others on the front lines, when our four days' rest is over."

"None of the boys has heard as yet who won the world's champion-

myself that it will be up to us to make a start before long."

"In our holes in the ground \* \* \* the evening hours are especially impressive. Sometimes the horizon is afire; one hears the whiz of motors and one puts one's nose out. It is a Taube; it throws out blazing fireworks to signal positions to their heavy artillery. Two minutes later huge shells pass overhead from five to six kilometers away; soon ours answer them, and whistle us in the contrary direction. All we have to do is to watch the duel."

In contrast, there are nights of real refreshment. Not a sound; inky blackness. We know the Germans are only 500 yards away; we strain our ears in vain. Suddenly a vague

expense—and the blows of the mallets upon the stakes, which they, as well as we, are driving into the ground to stretch wire entanglements upon. \* \* \*

Beside all this, there are, from time to time, traffic nights. The other evening, towards 7 o'clock, frightful yells made us leap up; really like the yelling of wild beasts, hoarse and guttural, interrupted with the blast of bugles, sinister, and truly lugubrious. \* \* \* It is two regiments who have sprung at us from less than fifty yards away, who pour suddenly into our advanced trenches. \* \* \* They are stopped only by a machine gun section pushed forward in haste through the obscurity.

her little hand. "It is too pretty to eat."

Three or four days later then man happened to call at the house again.

"I don't see your cat, Gladys," remarked the visitor, as the child came into the room empty handed. "What has become of it?"

"It's gone," announced Gladys, with a regretful sigh. "It got so dirty that I just had to eat it."

"The folks at our hotel are greatly interested in a problem. 'What is it?' 'An irresistible blonde has just met an immovable bachelor.'—Judge.

army the world has produced. When they shot they did not shoot in general. They shot to kill an individual.

In the American Revolution the Americans shot with great effect because of their ability as marksmen, but there are no records of the amount of shots they fired. In those days the loss of life was small because of the few men engaged and also because of the slowness of loading the weapons. The guns in those days were all muzzle loaders. The soldiers would ram the powder in and secure it with a wad. Then they would ram the shot in and secure that. Finally they would fix the flint and the priming, and they were ready to shoot. In the meantime other men may have taken turns at firing at the colonial

tion. The accuracy of the fire is due to the aeroplanes which are continually above us, disclosing our position in the trenches and noting the effect of the firing.

"This firing goes on all day, now a few hundred feet to the right, now to the left, and then at us or to rear, which stops at night and everything is quiet except the popping of guns now and then by the sentries. If the firing comes too quickly an alarm is given immediately and everyone bustles forth and awaits the fight, but in the first four days that we were intrenched none occurred."

"It looked like one the third night when we lay out until dawn expecting an attack at any moment. We always have our bayonets fixed

during such times, as it has been shown that the Germans always turn when they face steel. This reminds me of the motto I read in the Perikone Barracks when we were quartered there. It read: 'A bullet is crazy, a bayonet is sane.'

"So the days and nights pass. There is little excitement, less danger and no adventure. We long for a fight. Once we were called out for a fight, but were disappointed. Perhaps we were fortunate, as fighting must be different to the ground-hogs' existence, yet the disappointment was natural, as one hates to be exposed to artillery fire and death and yet be unable to retaliate."

## PLENTY TO EAT ALL THE TIME.

"So much for the war. Now for

flammable material stowed under an antiquated bedstead, in turn covered with a mattress heaped with filthy stuff that was to be the feast for the flames. The room was not fitted with his best set of furniture, but it did have a lot of old chairs and tables. The ex-Chief then recklessly poured over the collection a couple of gallons of gasoline.

Finally, as a sort of appetizer, he explained to his guests that during the last year there had been a loss from useless fires in residences on Long Island of more than \$2,000,000. That was a sort of sauce for the dinner whose savory odors were beginning to reach the nostrils of his guests. Then he stepped back

into the room, touched a match to the mass of stuff under the old bed, threw a wisp of the burning material over the gasoline-spattered furniture, saw that the blaze was a furious one, and then remarked: "Gentlemen, dinner is served."

Mr. Croker set his house on fire at 4:35 p. m. and at 6 o'clock climbed a ladder and took a look at things. He found the fire "burning beautifully," he assured his friends, adding that it could not possibly do any damage, and that he and his family proposed to go to sleep as usual with the fire burning.

The guests agreed with the chief that the blaze was a success, and

that it hadn't damaged anything he did not intend it to damage. Further, they were of the unanimous opinion that he had achieved something in the way of a housewarming that was without a parallel.

## A Case of Necessity.

A man called on an acquaintance and found the little daughter of the house playing with a gingerbread cat.

"That is a very nice cat you have there," smiled the caller. "Are you going to eat it?"

"No," answered the youngster, affectionately stroking the cat with

# EDWARD F. CROKER HOLDS HOUSE-WARMING IN FIRE PROOF HOUSE AT WHICH HE SETS CONTENTS OF ROOM ABLAZE

Edward F. Croker, one time Chief of the Fire Department of New York, gave a housewarming at his new house at Long Beach. Incidentally he set his house on fire—did it deliberately—and then asked his 150 guests to sit down to an elaborate dinner without doing more than closing the door to the room in which the fire was raging. He did not send out a fire alarm, yet there is a good fire department in Long Beach with a membership ready to render efficient service when flames threaten anybody's residence. The members felt hurt that the ex-Fire Chief had ignored them when the news got about that a fire was still raging in Mr. Croker's

residence; that he did not want any help to put it out; in fact would not allow any one to try to stop it. The sacrificed room was opened later, when he had a photograph of the interior taken. There is no insurance on the property.

One of Mr. Croker's hobbies is fire prevention. He has for some time insisted that fires in residences were things that could be controlled, if they could not be absolutely prevented, and built a house to prove it, and, incidentally, to live in. It is in his belief the only absolutely fireproof and unburnable building in the world. He gave his housewarming to prove it.

Mr. Croker's guests included his

old Fire Commissioner, John Scannell, the architect and builders of the house, Richard Harding of the Board of Examiners of this city, members of the Board of Underwriters, presidents of a number of fire insurance companies, professors from Columbia University, and a number of men who have made a study of fire prevention, as well as a couple of score of his immediate neighbors.

Dinner was served in a large room on the second floor. The blaze was staged in the next room. Both were successful. Before his guests sat down to dinner Mr. Croker showed them the next room and pointed with pride to a pile of in-